A CONTENTION FOR HONOVR AND RICHES.

By *J. S.*

———————*ubi quid datur oti,*
illudo chartis.———————

LONDON,
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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPfull and his honoured friend, EDVVARD GOLDING of *Colſton* in *Nottingham-ſhire* Eſquire.

WHere there is a will to be grateſull, the acknowledgement ſupplies the defect of action, reddit enim beneficium qui libenter debet. *Although this hold no force in the common and municipall lawes, where men doe no benefits, before they account to receive; it is allowed a Canon in moralitie, where many good deeds are to be loſt, that wee may place one well. No man can dye in debt, that hath an honeſt remembrance of his obligation, ſince death is to bee reckoned from the firſt day of our ingratitude. In this confidence I appeare, and being neither guilty of deſert, or power to reward, I muſt preſent the memory of your owne act and vertue to pay your ſelfe.*

That which waiteth upon my thankes, is this handfull of paper imaginations, though below your

ſtudy, not beneath your vertue to accept, and ſmile upon; they were meant for innocent mirth, and can bee no prejudice, if they onely ſerve to ſet off your Nobler Contemplations. Read when you will diſpence with halfe an houre, and continue your favour to him, whoſe ambition is to write himſelfe

Your Servant,

James Shirley.

The Speakers.

Ingenuity a Scholler.
Courtier.
Soldier.
Clod a Country-man.
Gettings a Citizen.

Women.

Honour.
Riches.

Mutes.

Honeſty.
No-pay.
Long-vacation.
Foule-weather-in-harveſt.

A CONTENTION FOR HONOR AND RICHES.

Enter Riches, *and* Ingenuity *a Scholler.*

Ing. MY Lady desires to speake with you.
Ric. Your Lady? who's your Lady?
Ing. The Lady *Honor.*
Rich. Let *Honor* come to *Riches*, it will not Disparage her, my friend.
Ing. She is not well.
Ri. *Honor* is seldom sound, what ailes her Ladiship?
Ing. She had a fall lately.
Ric. A fall?
Ing. And spraind Her foot.
Ric. Teach her to clime; shee's so ambitious.
In. Please you to do her the favour, she will waite Vpon your Ladi-ship another time.

Ric. I cannot come.
Ing. Good Madam.
Ric. I ha the goute.
Ing. You may commaud a Coach.
Ric. Riches I know
May command any thing, but I doe not uſe
To come to every one deſires my company.
Beſide, my ſervants are abroad, and it
Becomes me not to goe ſo unattended.
Ing. I ſhall be fortunate, if you accept
My ſervice.
Ric. Is that ſtate enough for me?
Although it be in fashion with your Lord,
To amble with his foot man and Page,
I uſe to have more followers.
Ing. Great Ladies
Have no ſuch traine, many are held ſuperfluous.
The Gentleman Vſher now a dayes is thought
Sufficient for a Counteſſe, nay, for two.
Take him by turnes, & yet he may be courteous
To the waiting Gentlewoman.
Ric. You aſſume, me thinkes,
Much liberty in talking, wha'ts your name?
In. They which know me, call me *Ingenuity*.
Ric. Ingenuity?
Out upon! thee I ſuſpect.

Your are a Scholler.

Ing. I have ſtudyed Arts.

Ri. Defend me from his witchcraft had thy Miſtris:
None but a Scholler to employ upon
Her complements to me, one whoſe profeſſion
I hate, whoſe memory is my diſeaſe,
And converſation death? how ranck he ſmells
Of *Ariſtotle*, and the muſty Tribe
Of worme-eaten Philoſophers? get from me,
I will endure the Beares, and their proviſion,
Lie in an Hoſpitall, or French-footmen, feed
With priſoners, or be rack'd at *Weſtminſter*,
Nay die, & make poore orphants my Executors,
Ere be confind to heare thy learned nonſence.

Ing. Why ſhould you be ſuch enemy to Schollers?
They waſte *Minervaes* precious dew, their ſweat,
To gaine your favour, and would thinke themſelves
Bleſt, when your golden beames but ſhine upon 'em.

Ric. Tis not your flattery can win upon me.
Goe, and declame againſt me, good *Diogenes*,
Admire a vertuous poverty, and nakedneſſe,
Call Fortune whore, and write whole volumes in
The praiſe of hunger and your lowſie wardrobe,
Yes, teach the world, *Riches* is growne a monſter,
And that ſhe dotes on ignorance: theſe are
Your vulgar doctrines, and I pray purſue 'em,

My moſt immortall begger, and get fame
With ſome twice ſodden pamphlet, till you make
Submiſſion to my foole, in hope of the
Reverſion of his Groomes bare livery:
Your Theſes, and your Syllogiſmes, will
No doubt convert the Beadle, and the dog-whip.
Ing. Be pleas'd to heare me ſpeake——
Ric. What impudence
Does this appeare, you ſhould deſire that favour?
Have I not given teſtimony to the world
Sufficiently, I doe not love a Scholler?
Ing. Indure me for my Miſtreſſe Lady *Honor.*
Ric. I wonder what ſhe meant to entertain thee!
Away, diſpute no further, if you move me
To more impatience, *Riches* will finde wayes
To curbe your inſolence: tis not your pretence
To *Honors* ſervice, can protect you from
My anger, I have kindred, and acquaintance
Shall with their breath blow thee beyond the Sea;
Or if I ſhould be mercifull, and let thee
Injoy thy Country, never hope to arrive at
Above a penſion, that will find you woollen
A Pedant, or a Vicaridge preferment,
Gelded ſufficiently by the improper Parſon,
Is all your wit muſt hope for; and take heed
That you be modeſt then; no coate, nor Caſſocke

Can

Can charme you: if I offer to complaine,
I ſhall put your Divinity to ſilence.
Ing. I deſpite
Thy womaniſh threats, and ſhall account my ſelfe
Happy without thy favour. O Philoſophy,
Aſſiſt thy poore admirer, and infuſe
A noble fortitude to ſcorne her malice:
I have no thought, but has a triumph 'ore
Thy baſe conſpiracy. Welcome my deare Bookes,
And contemplation, that ſhall feed my ſoule
To immortality: let Puppets dote
Vpon thy gifts, and ſell their priviledge,
For gaudy clothes and Epicureanſurfets,
Luſt, and a Catalogue of Richmens ſinnes,
That ſhall like plummets hang upon their heart:
When wings are moſt required, keepe thy reſolve,
And be an enemy to Learning ſtill,
That when we find a Scholler, by thee favord,
We may ſuſpect him counterfeit and a dunce.
Honor will be my Miſtris, whoſe leaſt ſmile
I value above all thy pride, or treaſures,
And ſhe will ſcorne thee too. Farewell, gay Madam,
A painted tombe! though glorious to the eye.
Corruption dwells within thee. *Exit.*
Ric. Foule mouth Satyre,
But tis ſome puniſhment to let him waſte

His ſpirits with his railing, let him fret,
It may conſume him without more diſeaſes,
Let him die any way, men of his quality
Are living but unprofitable burdens
To the earth, as they were borne to conſume fruits,
And talke of needleſſe Sciences. Who are theſe?
My ancient ſutors, *Clod* the Country-man,
And *Gettings* the rich Citizen?

Enter Clod *and* Gettings.

Get. She'es here.
Good morrow to the ſtar of my delight,
Whoſe beames more glorious doe eclipſe the Sunne,
And caſt a richer warm'th about the world.

Ric. How? turn'd Poet?

Get. Feare me not, Lady,
I am none of thoſe were borne r[illegible]t, I had rather
Be a Iew then chriſtned in *Parnaſſus* Pompe,
I have nothing but the knuckles and the rumpes
Of Poetry.

Ric. Take heed in time, leſt you become infected
With wit, I doe not love poeticke fancies,
Nor any thing that trenches on the Muſes,
They were baggages, and *Phœbus* their protector,
Deſerv'd the whipping poſt.

Get. I have read, he was
A common Piper, and thoſe Nine were Gipſies,

That

That liv'd by cheating Palmiſtry.

Ric. I like it,
When you doe raile at Learning, I allow you
To read a Ballad, and ridiculous Pamphlets,
Writ on the ſtrength of Beere, or ſome dull liquor:
But if you ſmell profane Sacke in a Poeme,
Come not within a league of underſtanding,
As you reſpect my favour.

Get. I am inſtructed.

Ric. But why does *Clod* ſtand all this while ſo mute?

Clo. Either I am *Iohn a Noakes*, or I am not *Iohn a Noakes*.

Ric. Hee's dreaming of his horſes.

Clod. Gee, ſweete Lady, I am all to be mired in your beauty, the horſes of my imagination are foundred in the high-way of your perfections, for I am deepe in love with your Lady-ſhip, though I doe not weare ſuch fine clothes as Maſter *Gettings* here, and ſo much out of fashion: for if I commend my doublet, I muſt ſpeake fuſtian, yet my heart is cut and ſlaſh'd, and I defie any man that has a better ſtomack to youi n the way of Matrimony.

Get. No compariſon, Maſter *Clod*.

Clod. Let him be odious, that names compariſon, for my part, I ſcorne 'em all and the degrees.

Get. Y'are

Get. Y'are very positive.

Clod. Dost thou positive me? And my Mistresse were not here, thou shouldest find *Clod* is made of an other geese mold, then to endure thy affronts.

Ric. And you quarrell, I am gone.

Ge. Nay, nay, sweet Lady we shall be friends agen.

Ric. I hope it wonot stretch to a duell. *Exit.*

Get. Duell? You wonot provoke me, *Clod*, Will you? if you doe, *Clod.*

Clod. I will provoke any man living in the way of love.

Get. How?

Clod. He that shall goe a wooing to my Mistris, I will provoke him, and he were my father.

Get. Y'are a durty fellow, *Clod*, and if I had met thee that yeere I was Scavenger, I would have had thee carted.

Clod. Mee carted, Cart thy Bawdes, there bee enow within the walls, do't tell me of a Scavenger? a fart for thy office, I am a better man in the country then the Constable himselfe, and doe tell thee to thy face, though I am plaine *Clod*, I care not a beane-stalke for the best What lacke you on you all, no not the next day after *Simon* and *Iude*; when you goe a feasting to Westminster with your Gallyfoist and your pot-guns, to the very terror of the Paper-whales,

when

when you land in ſholes, and make the underſtanders in Cheapſide, wonder to ſee ſhips ſwimme upon mens ſhoulders, when the Fencers flouriſh, and make the Kings liege people fall downe and Worſhip the Devill and Saint *Dunſtan*, when yout whifflers are hangd in chaines, and *Hercules* Club ſpits fire about the Pageants, though the poore children catch cold, that ſhew like painted cloth, and are onely kept alive with ſugar plummes, with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guild-hall, with every man his ſpoone in his pocket, where you looke upon the Giants, and feed like Sarazens, till you have no ſtomacke to *Pauls* in the afternoone: I have ſeene your Proceſſions, and heard your Lions and Camels make ſpeeches, in ſtead of Grace before and after dinner: I have heard ſongs too, or ſomething like e'm: but the Porters have had the burden, who were kept ſober at the City charge, two dayes before, to keepe time and tune with their feet, for bragge what you will of your charge, all your pompe lies upon their backe.

Get. So, ſo.

Clo. Muſt this dayes pride ſo blow you up, that a Country-mans tale may not be heard?

Get. That dayes pride?

Clo. Or what iſt make you Gamboll ſo?

Get. Why, anger ha's made you witty Countryman.

Clo. Thou lyeſt, and I am none of thy Countryman, I was borne out of the ſound of your Pancake-bell, I cannot abide to ſee a proud fellow: and it were not for us in the Country, you would have but a leane City, wee maintaine your Charter, and your Chamber too, you would ha but ill markets, and we ſhould forſweare to furniſh e'm, where were your hides, hornes and plenty of other proviſion? your, wives could not doe as they doe, with your ſhort yard and your falſe light, and the Country ſhould not come in upon them. Come, you cannot live without us, you may be cald a body Politicke, but the Country is the ſoule, and therefore ſubſcribe and give way to me.

Get. The high-way, but not the wall in *London*, doe you know where you are, and what you have talk't all this while? an Informer would ſqueeze your truncke hoſe for this, and teach you to know your Termes and your Attornies.

Clo. Ile have as good Law for my money, as the beſt on you, I know what belongs to't, I have almoſt broke the Parſon of the Pariſh already, about his Tithe-egges.

Get. Why, thou lumpe of ignorance, leather and husban-

husbandry ill compounded, thou that haſt beene ſo long a dung-hill, till the weedes have overgrowne thee, and a farre off haſt cozend a horſe, thou that doſt whiſtle out thy prayers, and wo-not change thy durty ſoyle, for ſo many acres in Paradiſe, nor leave thy ſhare o'the plough, for Saint *Peters* patrimony, thou that were begot upon a hay-mow, bred in thy fathers ſtable, and out-dung'd his Cattell, thou, that at one and twenty, wert onely able to write a ſheeps marke in Tarre, and read thy owne capitall letter, like a gallous upon a cowes buttocke; you that allow no Scripture Canonicall, but an Almanacke, which makes you weather-wiſe, and puts you in hope of a deare yeere: let the Country ſtarve, and the poore grind provender, ſo the market riſe: let your ſoule fall to the Devill among the Corne-cutters, I am aſhamed to hold diſcourſe any longer with thee; onely one word, I would adviſe you to let your action of love fall, and be content to marry with *Malkin*, in the Country, ſhee can churme well, and humble her ſelfe behind a hedge, for this Lady is no lettice for your lips, goe goe, meddle with your jades, and exerciſe a whip, among your bread and cheeſe eaters.

Clo. Sirra Cit, I doe challenge thee.

Get. What weapon?

Clo. The next Cuder shall furnish us both, if thou
hast any metall, let us try before we part, who is the
better man.

Get. If thou hast any ambition to be beaten to
dust, *Clod*, thanke your selfe.

Clo. I will flash thy skin like a Summer dou-
blet, come thy wayes.

Enter a Courtier and a Souldier courting Honor, *Ingenuity.*

Cour. Looke this way, Lady, and in me behold
Your truest servant.

Sol. 'Tis but arry Court ship
That he professes, looke upon me, Lady,
That can be active in your service.

Ing. 'Tis
The *Courtier* and the *Souldier*, pleading them
Affection to my mistresse Lady *Honor*,
I wo'not interrupt them yet, I cannot
Find by her countenance that she enclines to either.

Clo. Blesse me but with one smile, if you did know
With what devotion my soule lookes on you,
How next to my religion I have placed,
If not above it, yo r bright excellence,
How long since I first vowed my selfe your captive,
That eye would daine some influence.

Sol. I have

No

No ſtocke of ſoft and melting words to charm you,
Such ſilken language we are ſtrangers to,
We are uſ'd to other Dialect, and imitate the Drum,
Bold Artillery: can you love me?
When I have marched upon the dreadfull Cannon,
My heart was fixt on *Honor*, nor could death
In all her ſhapes of horror, tempt one thought
To baſe retire, when no voyce could be heard,
But thunder, and no object ſeene but lightning,
Which ſeem'd to have bin ſtruck frõ the firſt Chaos,
So great a darkeneſſe had eclipſ'd the Sunne,
Yet then I thought on *Honor*, and look't in
Their lives that ſunke about me, every body
I trod upon, (for now the dead had buried
The earth) gave me addition to heaven,
Where, in my imagination I ſaw
Thee charioted, and dropping down a Garland.

Ho. No more, theſe are but complements of wars,
Perhaps ſome ſtudied ſpeech: I love your qualitie,
But am not taught with theſe Hyperboles;
Honor's not won with words, true valour needs
No paint of oſtentation, the world
That has the greateſt orifice includes not
The greateſt danger.

Ing. She has quaſh'd his Culvering,
And now he's ſweating out ſome prayers.

Cour. Shee's mine.
Thus lookt the moone, when with her virgin fires
She went in progreſſe to the mountaine *Latmos*,
To viſit her *Endimion*, yet I injure
Your beauty, to compare it to her orbe
Of ſilver light, the Sun from which, ſhe borrowes
That makes her up the nightly Lamp of heaven,
Has in his ſtock of beams not halfe your luſter,
Enrich the earth ſtill with your ſacred preſence,
Vpon each object throw a glorious ſtarre,
Created by your ſight, that when the learn'd
Aſtronomer comes forth to examine heaven,
He may find two, and be himſelfe devided,
Which he ſhould firſt contemplate.

Ho. You both love me.

Cour. But I the beſt.

Sol. How ſir, the beſt?

Cou. Ere ſince I knew the Court,
I had no other ſtudy but to advance
My ſelfe to *Honor*, all my ſuites have beene
Directed to this one, that *Honor* would
Fixe me among thoſe other Conſtellations
That ſhine about the King, tis in thy love
To plant a Coronet here: and then I dare
Iuſtle the proudeſt Heroe and be inſcrib'd
A demy-god, frowne dead the humble mortall,

And

And with my breath call backe their ſoules agen.
What cannot *Honor* doe?
Ho. Not that you boaſt.
True *Honor* makes not proud, not takes delight
I'th ruine of poore vertue.
So. Sir, you ſaid you lov'd her beſt.
Co. And will maintaine it.
So. You cannot, dare not.
Co. Dare not?
Ho. So peremptory, *Honor* may in time
Find wayes to tame the inſolent Lady *Riches*,
But leave her to her pride.
Ing. The *Courtier*, and
The *Souldier* looke as they would quarrell.
Ho. Let 'em.
You ſee how they purſue me ſtill, but *Honor*
Is not ſo eaſily obtain'd.
Ing. They are
Gay creatures, and conſpicuous in the world.
Ho. But no ſuch miracles: Gentlement, you promiſe
Some ſpirit in you, ther's no way to make
Me confident of your worth but by your action:
In briefe, if you be ambitious of *Honor*,
You muſt fight for me, and as fame ſhall give me
Your character, I ſhall diſtinguiſh you,
And cheriſh worth: meane time I take my leave.

Come,

Come, *Ingenuity*, you and I muſt have
Some private conference, I dare truſt your boſome
With ſome thing of more weight.
Ing. I am then happy,
When you command me ſervice.
Ho. And I keepe
A Regiſter of all, and though delayd,
Forget not the reward. *Exeunt Honor, Ing.*
So. Hark, Maſter *Cringe*,
How d'ee like her ſentence? If you meane
To have *Honor* you muſt fight for't: no old ſpeeches,
Nor crinckling in the hammes will carry her,
You have worne a ſword thus long, to ſhew the hilt,
Now let the blade appeare.
Co. Good Captaine *Voyce*,
It ſhall, and teach you manners, I have yet
No Ague, I can looke upon your buffe,
And *punto* beard, and call for no ſtrong waters,
I am no Taverne gull, that wants protection,
Whom you with oathes doe uſe to mortifie,
And ſweare into the paiments of all reckonings,
Vpon whoſe credit you weare belt and feather,
Top and top gallant, and can make him ſeale
At mid-night to your Taylor, goe invite
Young Gentlemen to dinner, and then pawne 'em,
Or valiantly with ſome of your owne file,

Con-

Conſpire a Sconce, or to a bawdy houſe
March with your Regiment, and kicke the Leverets,
Make cullice o'the Bawdes, yet be made friends,
Before the Conſtable be ſent for, and
Run to'the ticket for the pox, theſe ſervices,
I doe preſume, you are acquainted with.

So. Musk-Cat.

Co. Or wert thou what thou ſeem'ſt, a Soldier,
For ſo much good I wiſh thee for my honor,
When I have kil'd thee.

So. Sirra Civet-box.

Co. Let me aske your Souldier ſhip but one cold queſtion,
If Lady *Honor*, whom you have preſum'd
Without good manners to affect, ſhould poſſibly
Deſcend to marry thee, prethee what joynture
Couldſt thou make her?

So. Ioynture?

Co. Ile admit for arguments ſake,
Thou art a Souldier, perhaps
You will give her a Catalogue of Townes,
Or Leaguers, the names of bridges broken downe,
Your noſe in time may make another, you will tel her
Of onſlaughts, Bulwarks, Barricado, Forts,
Of Cannon, Culvering, Sacres, and a rabble
Of your Artillery, which you have cond by heart,

A role of Captaines names, perhaps you have
In ready wounds, ſome twenty idle, admit it,
And in diſeaſes can aſſure her forty,
This wo'not doe, ſhe cannot eate a Snapſacke,
Nor carry baggage, lie in your foule Hut,
And roſt your pullen, for whoſe precious theft,
You and the Gibbet feare to bee acquainted,
If you returne into your wholeſome Country,
Vpon your honorable woodden legs.
The houſes of correction are no Palaces,
And Paſſes muſt be had, or elſe the Beadles
Will not be ſatisfied, the Treaſurers name
And twelve-pence for your ſervice i'th Lowcountries,
And ſpending of your blood for doughty Dutchmen,
That would have hāg'd you there, but in their charity
You were reſerv'd for begggery at home,
Is no inheritance I take it ſir.

So. Have you done yet?

Co. I have not much more to ſay.

So. It does appeare by all this prattle then,
You doe not know me, and have ta'ne too much
On truſt to talke of Souldier, a name
Tha'ſt not deſerv'd to mention, becauſe
Some fellowes here, have brag'd, and perhaps beaten
You, and ſome other of your fatten Tribe,
Into beliefe that they have ſeene the warres,

That

That perhaps muſtered at Mile-end,
Or Finesbury. Muſt the true ſonnes of courage,
Be thus diſhonor'd, and their character
Defac'd by ſuch prodigious breath? muſt we,
We that for *Honor* and your ſafeties ſuffer,
What in the repetition would fright
Your pale ſoules from you, when perhaps you foot
A jigge at home, and revell with your Lady,
Be thus rewarded! Happy they that dyed
Their Country ſacrifice, to prevent the ſhame
Of living with ſuch poptular drones, but I
Should wrong our glorious profeſſion
By any Arguments, to make thee ſenſible
Of what we are: it ſhall ſuffice to publiſh
What is not now in ignorant ſuppoſition.
But truth, of your gay quality and vertues,
You are a *Courtier*.

Co. Very good.

So. Not ſo.

If ſuch there be, I talke not to them now,
But to thee Phantaſme, of whom men doe doubt
Whether thou haſt a ſoule, thou that doſt thinke it
The better and more grateſull part of thy
Religion, to weare good clothes, and ſuffer
More paines at buttoning of thy gawdy doublet,
Then thou durſt take for heaven, thou haſt devided

Thy flattery into ſeverall articles,
And haſt ſo often called your great men goods,
That tis become thy Creed, and thou doſt now
Beleeve no other, thou w'ot take a bribe,
To undoe a Nation, and ſell thy Country-men
To as many perſecutions as the
Devill: thou art beholding to thy pride, it has
Made thee thy owne ſelfe-lover, for without it,
None elſe affecting thee I doe now ſee,
What elſe could keepthee from deſpaire & drowning?
Thy wantonneſſe has made thy body poore,
But not in ſhew, for though thy back have paydfor't,
It weares rich trappings; Art may helpe your legs,
But cannot cure your dancing: that and pepper,
Avoid with like diſcretion, one betrayes you
At dinner, and the other betweene meales.
Goe purchaſe lands and a faire houſe, which muſt
When thou liveſt in it be an Hoſpitall,
And owe no other body for diſeaſes.

Co. Pray come, and take a chamber.

So. Thou haſt ignorance
And impudence enough for twenty Alchymiſts.

Co. Ile heare no more.

So. A little, Ile intreat you,
You ſhall be beaten afterward, ne're feare it.

Co. Dar'ſt thou blaſpheme the Court?

So. I honour it,
And all the Noble ornaments of State,
That like Pomegranats in old *Aarons* coate,
Adorne the Prince that wears 'em, but ſuch *C*ourtiers
That coozen us like Glow-wormes in the night,
Or rotten wood, I hate, and in their number
For this time be content I liſt your worſhip.

Co. How do you know what I am, or what title
Perhaps I weare?

So. I know thee by the wrong
To Souldiers.

Co. I ſpeake of ſuch as thou wert, and I dare
Maintaine, and write as much in thy owne blood.

Enter Honeſtie.

Co. Doſt thou not ſee, *Honeſtie?*

So. *Honeſtie?* what haſt thou to do with *Honeſty?*

Co. I never could endure her, ſhe appeares
More terrible then a ghoſt, I ha no ſtomacke
To fight, my blood is frozen in my veines,
She is a thouſand puniſhments at once:
Now would I give my Office to be at peace
With mine owne conſcience, ha, ſhe do's purſue me?

So. Theſe are idle imaginations, collect
Your ſelfe, good *Courtier*, and remember what
Wee are to doe, or I ſhall, ha.

Enter No-pay.

Co. Whats the matter, more terror?

So. I am cold too.

Co. Anõther apparition.

So. You may know him by a jaw-faln, tis *No-pay.*
And what a comfort *No-pay's* to a Souldier,
I appeale to a Councell of warre, the Devill is not
So full of horror, *No-pay?* Ile not fight
A ſtroke, though I were ſure to cleare the Empire.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizen and Country-man arm'd.

Get. Our weapons length are even, but youle find
There is ſuch ods betwixt us, nought but death
Can reconcile our difference.

Clod. Deny your major. I thinke I heard a Scholler uſe that word againſt *Bellarmine*. I, Ile ſtand too't: for if nought but death, can reconcile our difference, we muſt be both kild: no, prepare thy ſelfe, I hope to ſend thee to heaven, and be farre enough off ere Sunſet: if thou haſt made thy Will, let them prove it when thou art dead, and bury thee accordingly, thy wife will have cauſe to thanke me, it will be a good hearing to the poore of the Pariſh: happy man by his dole, beſides, the Blue-coates can but comfort thy kindred with ſinging and rejoycing at thy Funerall. Come on thy wayes.

Get. Y'are

Get. Y'are very round, *Clod*, I doe not thinke you have practiſ'd Fencing of late, this is a weapon you are not uſ'd to, a Pitch-forke were more convenient for you to manage.

Clo. A Pitch-forke? Thou ſhalt know thy deſtiny by this, though it have but one point. I know where thy heart lies, I deſire no more, and leſſe would ſatisfie me, unleſſe thou wilt eate thy words, and confeſſe thou haſt wrong'd me, out it ſhall, I have a ſtomacke to cut thee up, and my ſword has a pretty edge of it ſelfe, and my greateſt griefe is, that I owve thee nothing, to diſcharge all together, but tis no matter, I can but kill thee.

Get. You cannot, ſure: for ought I ſee in your countenance, you are not long-lyv'd your ſelfe, you have but a tallow complexion, doe you know what ground you ſtand upon, *Clod*?

Clo. Ground?

Get. You may tread upon your grave now, for all this bluſtering.

Clod. Thou lieſt, there's more to provoke thee: no, I came not hither to dye, and I won't be buryed at any mans diſcretion, my father was buryed i'the Country, and my grand-father, and his father before him, and if I live, Ile bee buried there my ſelfe: but what doe we loſe time? looke to thy head, for I will

make

make an even reckoning with thy ſhoulders preſently.

Enter Foule-Weather-in-Harveſt.

Ha, hold, alas, I wo'not fight, I ha no heart to lift up a weapon.

Ge. You were fire and tow but 'een now.

Clo. But here's water. Doſt not ſee? I ſhall be undone.

Get. Who is this?

Clo. Why, tis *Foule-Weather-in-Harveſt*, all ſpoil'd, I wo'not have thy heart now, and thou wouldſt gee't me.

Get. Tis well, ſomething will coole you, after ſo much thunder, but it wo'not quench the fire of my anger. I doe not uſe to put up theſe things, when I am drawne too't, your Foule weather is nothing to the buſineſſe in hand, therefore ſubmit thy necke to my execution, or——

Clo. Kill me: Ile forgive thee, I ſhall have no Harveſt to yeere.

Enter Long-Vacation.

Get. And thou hadſt as many heads as *Hydra*—Ha, Ile not hurt a Hare, I am frighted this is my heart, you had not ſo wet, but we are like to have as dry a time on't, I ſtood upon tearmes before, this is *Long-Vacation.*

Clo. Long-

Clo. Long-Vacation?

Get. I dream'd of a dry Summer, he will conſume me, it will be a thouſand yeeres till Michaelmaſſe. Prethee let's be friends, for my part I have no hope of *Riches.*

Clo. And I but little, and this weather hold.

Enter Riches.

Here ſhe comes.

Ric. Where be theſe friends of mine? Alas, what
Meane you? I am faint with ſeeking you to ſtay your
fury:
For I was told your bloody reſolutions.
You ſhould be a man of government, are theſe
The enſignes of the City? will you give
Without the Herald in your Armes, a Sword
To the old City Dagger? you weare a Gowne
Embleme of peace, will you defile your gravity
With Basket-hilt and Bilboe? And you bold Yeoman,
That like a Rieke of hay, hath ſtood the ſhocke
Of Winter, and grew white with ſnow of age,
Is this an inſtrument for you?
But I am confident that you will ſay, tis love
Of me hath brought you to the field, and therefore
To prevent future miſchiefe, I determine
Here to declare my ſelfe: but firſt conjoyne
Your loving hands, and vow a conſtant friendſhip,

Then one of you Ile chooſe my husband.

Get. By our ſeven gates that doe let in
Every day no little ſin,
By the ſword which we aduance,
And the Cap of Maintenance:
By the Shrieves poſt, and the hall
Ycleped Guild, and London wall,
By our Royall Change which yeelds
Gentile ware, and by More-fields,
By our thrice burnt famous Steeple,
That doth over-looke the people,
Cheapeſide Croſſe, and loud Bow-bell,
And by all that wiſh it well:
I am friends with him till he dies,
And love him like my liberties:
So helpe me *Riches*, what I ſpeake:
The Citizen will never breake.

Ric. What ſay you?

Clo. By my Cart, and by my Plough,
My dun Mare, and beſt red Cow,
By my Barne, and fatteſt Weather,
My grounds, and all my ſtate together,
In thy love I over-take thee,
Elſe my whiſtling quite forſake me,
And let me ever lye, which worſe is,
At racke and manger with the horſes.

Ric. Then

Ric. Then Maſter *Clod.*——

Clo. Ha, ha, with all my heart, am I the man?

Ric. The man. I muſt intreate to have ſome patience.
I doe imagine you affect me dearely,
And would make much of *Riches*.

Clo. There's no Lady
That ſhal out-ſhine my Darling: tis no matter, though
I be in Ruſſet all the weeke, *Riches* ſhal live like a Lady, have perfum'd linnen, coſtly Gowvnes, and Peticoats worth taking up, and as the faſhion is; I will put thee into a bagge.

Ric. This wo not, ſir, agree with your condition,
To keepe me brave: the Country Cut muſt be
Obſerv'd.

Clo. Hang Country Cuts! Doe but marry me.—

Ric. But this is not my exception; there is more
That interdicts our marriage: for though you
Are willing to conceale it, Maſter *Clod*,
Yet you and I are kindred, at leaſt couſins.

Clo. Why, is not your name *Riches*?

Ric. Though my name
Be *Riches*, yet my mother was a *Clod*,
She married rich earth of America,
Where I was borne, a durty family,
But many matches have refined us now,
And we are called *Riches*.

Clo. If you were borne in America, wee are but kindred a farre off.

Ric. Let us not confound our Genealogies.

Clo. I would be loth to marry an Infidell borne, and yet I like your complexion ſo well, that——

Ric. No, I am reſerv'd for thee,
And here I plant my beſt affection.

Get. Welcome to my heart.
How I doe love thee, *Riches!* O my ſoule,
We'le marry ſtraight.

Ric. And thus much for your comfort.
Nay, droope not, *Clod*, though I be wife to him,
Yet if I bury *Gettings*, Ile be thine,
And carry London with us into th' Country.

Clo. After this rate you are my wife in Law.
Well: give you joy.

Get. Me thinkes I fumble my gold chaine already.
But who are theſe?

Enter Courtier and Souldier.

Co. No *Honor* to be found.

So. Let us inquire
Of theſe. Did any ſee the Lady *Honor*?

Get. What care we for *Honor*, ſo we have *Riches?*

Co. Ha? I have beene acquainted with this Lady.

Ric. I was at Court the laſt weeke, ſir.

Cour. I remember.

Sol. I

Sol. I ha ſeene her ſome-where too.

Ric. I ha beene a Traveller.

So. Were you never taken by the Hollander?

Ric. I was in the Plate-fleete.

So. Baſer los manos Signiora.

Ric. I have almoſt forgot my Spaniſh, but after a little practice I may recover it.

Clo. I know not *Honor* if I ſee her, I have heard of ſuch a Lady: ten to one, but *Riches* can direct you to her.

Ric. I apprehend your deſires, ſir, & will direct you.

Co. I am your ſervant, Lady.

Ri. But firſt, Mr. *Gettings*, know theſe Gentlemen.

Ge. They are in my books already, pray Gentlemen, Know my Commodities, when I ha married *Riches*, I ſhall be better able to furniſh you

Co. We wiſh you joy.

So. And ſhall remaine your debtors.

Get. I make no doubt.

Co. But here's the Lady whom we enquire for.

So. She has muſicke to attend her.

Muſicke. Enter Honor and Ingenuity.

Ha! the Scholler?
The caſe is alterd. Is not that *Ingenuity*?

Co. How familiar they are! I hope they'r not married.

Cl. Is this Madam *Honor*?
Co. So, Lady.
Ho. Gentlemen,
I come to reconcile your difference,
I did foreſee you deſperate in love,
And prompted, I confeſſe your ſwelling valours
To fight for me, but upon ſecond thoughts.
I cancelld that opinion, and devis'd
A way to ſettle all things without danger:
This Gentleman late my ſervant, *Ingenuity*,
Hath remov'd all occaſion of your further
Courtſhip, and now won me for his Bride.
Co. Married the Scholler? deſpis'd.
So. Affronted.
Ho. You are paſſionate.
You could not both poſſeſſe me, yet in him
Your excellencies meet, and I enjoy e'm.
He can be Courtier and a Soldier
When the occaſion preſents it ſelfe.
He that hath learn'd to obey well, can command.
Nay, be not ſad, if you lov'd me, expreſſe it
In your Congratulations. Here I fixe
My ſelfe, and vow my beſt affection.
If in the number of my friends, I may
Write you, be confident you ſha'not loſe
By your reſpect to *Honor*. Lady *Riches*,

I hope

I hope there is no Antipathy in your nature,
But you may ſmile upon a Scholler now
Married to *Honor*.

Rich. Since you have ſo advanc'd him,
He ſhall not want my favour.

Ing. Now I am confident.

Co. We muſt obey our deſtiny. Since Fate
Meant me not ſo much happineſſe, to be
The husband, let me ſtill be humble ſervant
To *Honor*.

So. My deſires have the ſame ambition.

Co. and *So.* Ioyes crowne your marriage!

Ing. Now you both denide me.
But in this Empire I can brooke no Rivall.
Be all my honor'd gueſts, and with one feaſt
And revels celebrate our double marriage.

Co. And here our love unites. Pardon what language
My paſſion threw upon thee; I acknowledge
A Soldiers worth above the reach of malice.

So. My heart ſhall ſpread to embrace the noble Courtier.

Clod. Here's nothing but complement. you ſhould bring up a faſhion to kiſſe one another.

Get. Tis ſuch a dry *Clod!*

Ing. Correct your paſſions, ſir, I am inform'd
You have beene guilty this day of abuſe,

Againſt

Againſt the noble Citizens, and traduc'd
Their yeerely Triumph.

Get. Twas his ignorance,
But we are friends agen.

Ing. Then I ha done. Now Gentlemen and Ladies,
In the aſſurance all are pleas'd, let us
Ioyne in dance. Such mirth becomes a wedding.
Strike up ſome nimble aire.

They dance.

Ing. Thus all have ſeene how Providence imparts
Wealth to the City, Honor to the Arts.

Exeunt.

FINIS.